VISIT…

Concord Hymn

by

Ralph Waldo

Emerson

By the rude

bridge that arched

the flood,

Their flag to April's

breeze unfurled,

Here once the

embattled farmers

stood,

And fired the

shot heard round

the world.

The foe long since

in silence slept;

Alike the conqueror

silent sleeps;

And Time the

ruined bridge

has swept

Down the dark

stream which

seaward creeps.

On this green

bank, by this

soft stream,

We set today a

votive stone;

That memory may

their deed redeem,

When, like our

sires, our sons

are gone.

Spirit, that made

those heroes dare

To die, and leave

their children free,

Bid Time and

Nature gently

spare

The shaft we raise

to them and thee.